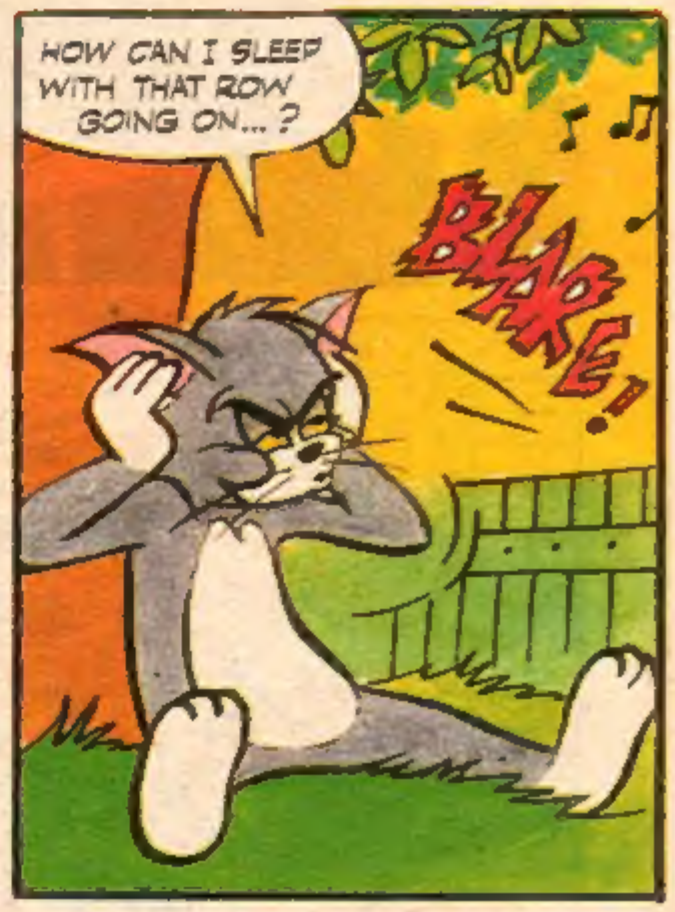
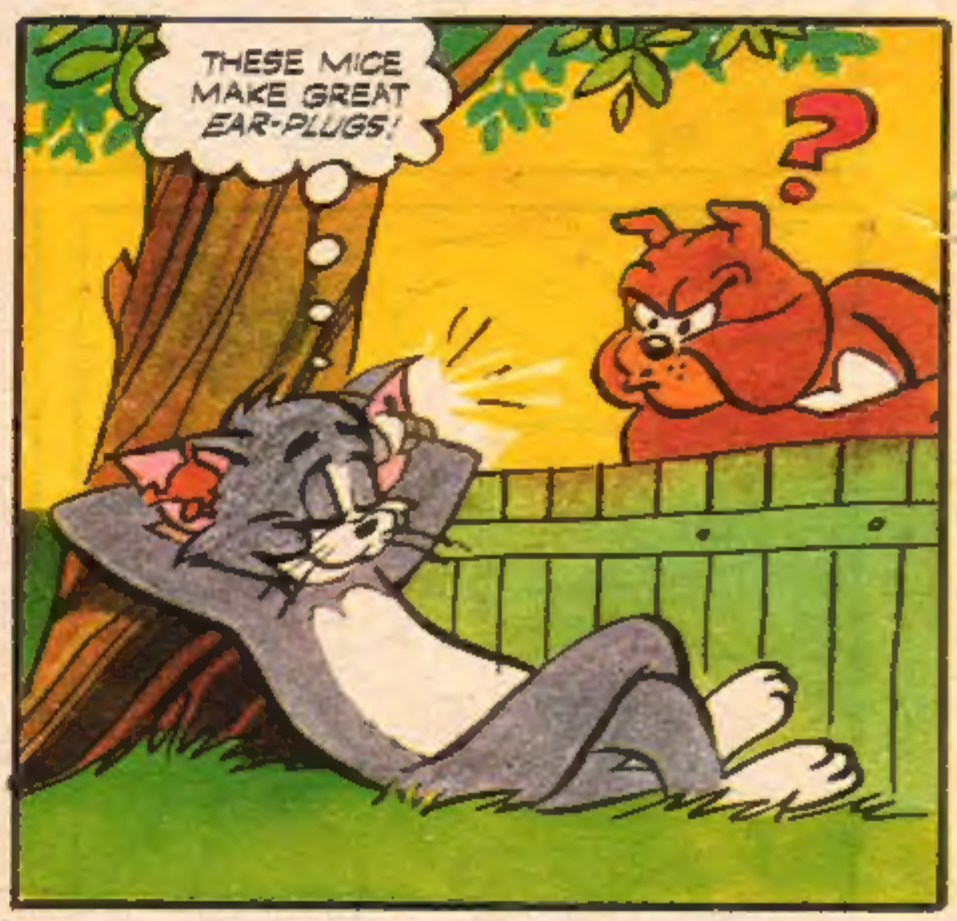
TV COMIC

7d

Every Monday | Week Ending 21st June, 1969 | Number 914

TOM and JERRY





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More mouseterics on page 2.

A LITTLE LATER...

I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE ON THAT HEARTLESS HOUND!

THROB THROB

THAT NIGHT...

HEH! HEH! HEH!

Z Z Z

NEXT MORNING...

HEY, FELLERS! I'VE HAD A LETTER FROM DAVE DISC THE D.J.... HE'S INVITED US TO HIS STUDIO THIS AFTERNOON!

OH, BOY!

SO THAT AFTERNOON...

GREETINGS! COME IN AND I'LL SHOW YOU ROUND MY STUDIO!

SOUNDS GREAT!

POP

RADIO

GONE TO LUNCH

FUNNY LOOKING D.J.!

WE WEAR THESE EARPHONES ALL THE TIME!

TRY THEM ON, BUTCH!

OKAY!

EYOW!

TWANG!!

HOW DO THEY FEEL? YUK! YUK!

MAYBE A LITTLE SOOTHING MUSIC WILL CHEER BUTCH UP! HEH! HEH!

AAAARGH! TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF!

VOLUME

YUKKITTY! YUK! YUK! YUK!

I THOUGHT SO... IT'S TOM!

SO!

HI, LISTENERS... DIG THIS WILD NEW SOUND FROM A COOL CAT CALLED TOM! TE! HE! HE!

SKREEEK! EEEYOW! OW!

ON AIR

Next week Butch gets Tom in a boxing ring. The result is CATastrophic!

TV Terrors

HOPPIT HAS TAKEN A DAY OFF...

THIS BEATS WORKING! MO HUM!

A LITTLE LATER...

PHEW! MY FEET ARE GETTING HOT WITH THESE HEAVY KICKERS ON... THINK I'LL GO FOR A PADDLE!

SO...

CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY FEET IN THAT WATER!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO PLAY A TRICK ON HOPPIT - COME ON GANG!

OOOH, THAT'S LUVERLY!

H-I-S-S!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

FAREWELL, KICKERS! FAREWELL! HE! HE! HE!

IAAARGH! MY BOOTS HAVE GONE... SOMEONE'S NICKED ME KICKERS!

LOOK OUT THERE, HOPPIT... YOUR BOOTS ARE STEAMING OUT TO SEA!

YAWK! I MUST GET 'EM BACK!

THIS IS AN EMERGENCY... I'LL CALL OUT THE COASTGUARD!

I'VE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN GET YOUR SILLY BOOTS BACK!

BELIEVE ME, COASTGUARD... NOTHING COULD BE MORE IMPORTANT!

COAST GUARD

MEANWHILE...

HOOT! HOOT!

B-A-M-M!

THE BOOTS FLOAT ON TRIUMPHANTLY...

ABANDON SHIP!

HELP!

GLUG!

EEK!

NOW DO YOU SEE HOW IMPORTANT IT WAS TO GET THEM BACK? ... IF THEY'D FLOATED ON THEY MIGHT'VE WRECKED HALF THE WORLD'S SHIPPING!

HE! HE! HE!

GUARD

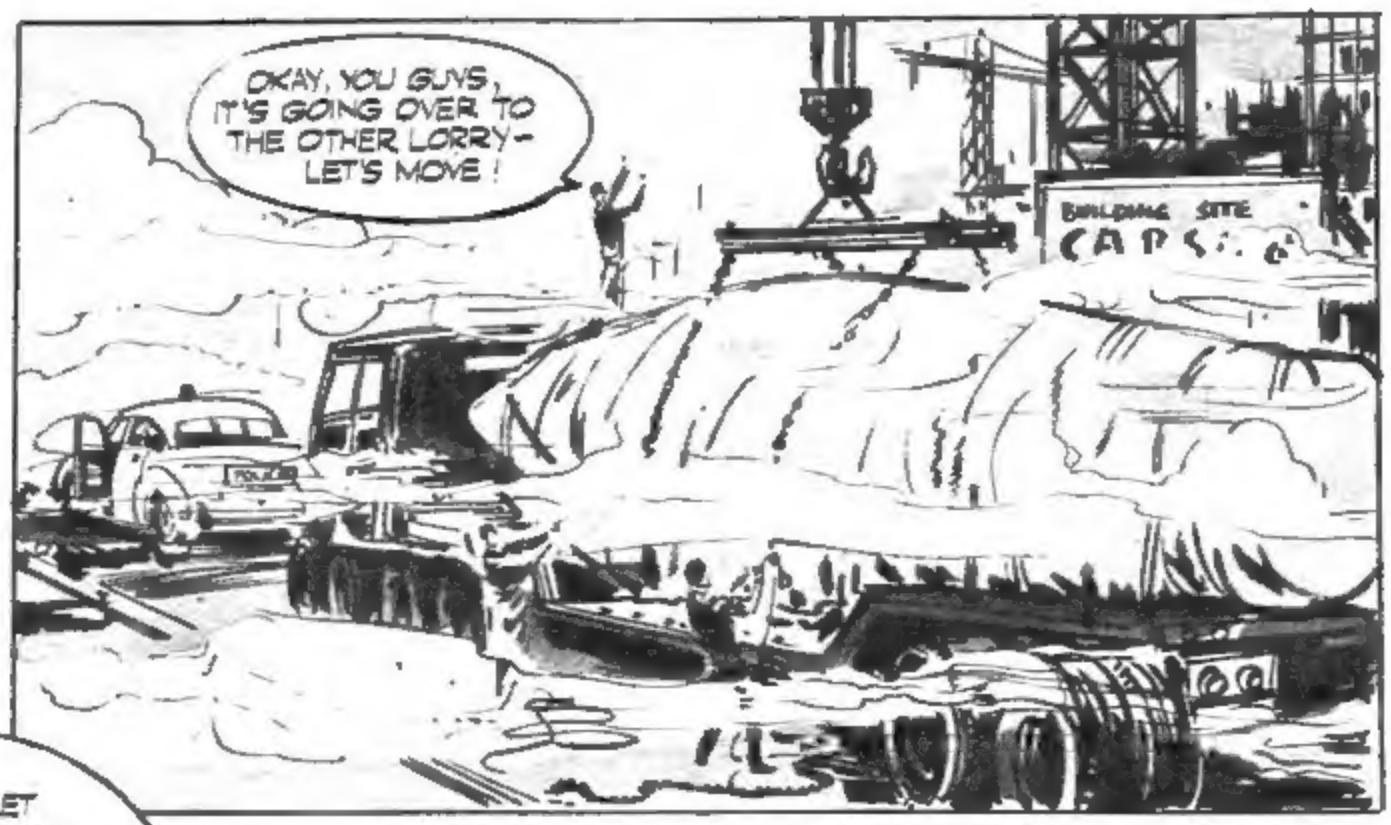
HA! HA! HA!

Boot versus brain as usual next week !

THE AVENGERS

IN the small silent hours of the morning a large lorry, with a heavy police escort, rumbles slowly through the deserted streets of the City of London.

AND AS THE POLICE COLLAPSE, UNSEEN EYES WATCH WITH COLD SATISFACTION...
EXCELLENT! OUR ANAESTHETIC VAPOUR WORKS PERFECTLY- STAND BY TO TRANSFER THE LOAD...



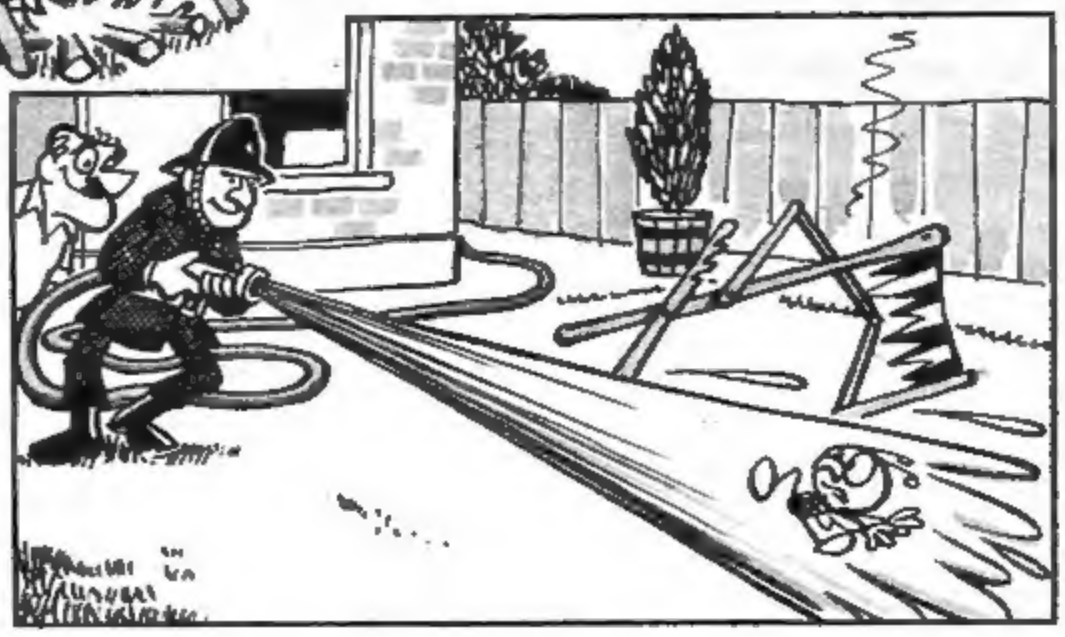
HE WANTS TO MEET US IN THE LABORATORY IN CONNECTION WITH SOMETHING PRETTY VITAL THAT WAS HI-JACKED FROM A LORRY A FEW HOURS AGO!
LIFTS

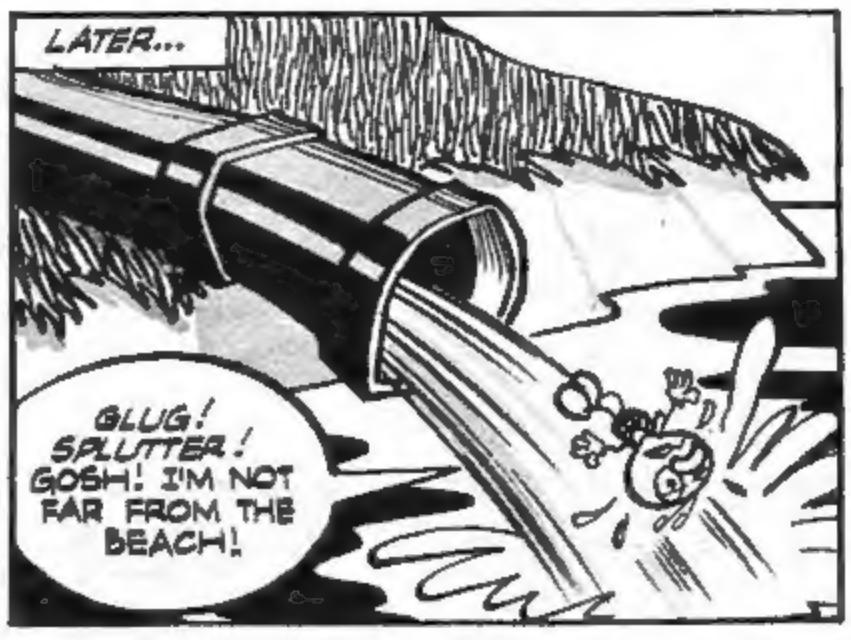
GOOD MORNING, MOTHER !
NOTHING GOOD ABOUT IT, MISS KING - NOW PAY ATTENTION TO PROFESSOR BLOMHAMMER, WHO WILL DEMONSTRATE AN INCREDIBLE INVENTION!

Based on the Thames Television production

Learn more about this exciting mystery next week !

MIGHTY MOTH





Mighty mirth with Mighty Moth next week!

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

SONNY and Professor Muller have been captured by crooks and lowered into a blowhole on the mysterious Nullarbor Plain. They have arrived in this strange desert during a sight-seeing trip on the Trans-Australian Railway. Skippy knows that there is something wrong, but the little kangaroo cannot think how to help her friend Sonny . . .

SUDDENLY, THE LITTLE KANGAROO HAS AN IDEA... SHE WILL GET HELP FROM THE PEOPLE IN THE TRAIN...

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

914

BUT THE TRAIN HAS ALREADY STARTED... ALL THE OTHER PASSENGERS WHO HAVE BEEN TAKING A 'WALKABOUT' ARE BACK ON BOARD!..

SAY, THAT'S INTERESTING... THERE'S A LITTLE BUSH KANGAROO OUT IN THE DESERT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MATE, AND SHE SEEMS TO BE CHASING THE TRAIN!

MEANTIME, MATT AND MARK SEARCH THE TRAIN LOOKING FOR SONNY AND SKIPPY...

I CAN'T FIND THEM ANYWHERE, DAD...THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE ON BOARD...

THAT'S RIDICULOUS...SONNY KNEW WE WERE ONLY STOPPING FOR AN HOUR... LET'S FIND THE GUARD!

THAT'S ODD. THE TWO GENTLEMEN IN THE OTHER COACH SAY THEY SAW A BUSH KANGAROO FOLLOWING THE TRAIN!

DAD, THAT MUST HAVE BEEN SKIPPY! THEY'VE BOTH BEEN LEFT BEHIND!

NOW DON'T GET EXCITED... SONNY'S TOO SMART TO GET LEFT BEHIND ... WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK ROUND!

IT DOESN'T OCCUR TO MATT THAT SONNY HAS BEEN CAPTURED...

GLAD YOU CAME DOWN, PROFESSOR... I GUESS YOU MUST KNOW WHAT THESE THINGS ARE?

WELL, OF COURSE... I HAVE SPENT MY LIFE EXAMINING THIS STRANGE AREA ... THEY ARE BARKING LIZARDS. THEY BARK LIKE DOGS WHEN THEY ARE STARTLED!

I WISH THEY COULD BITE LIKE DOGS, THEY MIGHT BITE THOSE CROOKS WHEN THEY COME BACK... IF THEY COME BACK! MAYBE THEY'LL LEAVE US HERE TO DIE ... AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SKIPPY?

THE LITTLE KANGAROO IS EXHAUSTED... HER GREAT EFFORT TO FETCH HELP HAS FAILED ...

SQUEEEEEEEAK!

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

Skippy's brave bid has failed! Don't miss next week's tense episode!

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*

WILHEMINA THE WILD WOMAN OF THE WOODS IS HEADING FOR KEYSTONE...
BOINK!
OUTTA MAH WAY, GRIZZLY! I'M HEADED PER KEYSTONE AND A GOOD TIME!
GNN!
AND WORD REACHES CHIEFY...
KRASH!
BANG!
WALLOP!
WILHEMINA IN TOWN? OH, NO...! EVERY TIME SHE PAYS US A VISIT SHE WRECKS THE PLACE!
IT'S UP TO YOU, KATE...YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON KAPABLE OF GETTING WILHEMINA OUT OF KEYSTONE!
I'LL DO MY BEST, CHIEFY!
SOK!
I LOVE TO EXERCISE ME KNUCKLES ON THE LOCAL TOUGHS!
SO...
I APPEAR TO BE RUNNING OUTA PEOPLE TO PUNCH!
KLUNK!
BAH! NO EFFECT ON HER AT ALL!
LATER...
THIS OUGHT TO KAYO HER!
WHISTLE
ROCKS
ROCKS!
BOUNCE!
INCREDIBLE! SHE DIDN'T BAT AN EYE-LID!
FUNNY? THOUGHT I FELT A HAILSTONE!
WILHEMINA HAS TO BE STOPPED BEFORE SHE WRECKS THE TOWN!
KRASH!
AWK!
TINKLE!
TINKLE!
SO...
I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN FIX WILHEMINA... WHISPER! WHISPER!
?
LATER...
WOW! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ... YOU'D MAKE A GREAT FILM STAR!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE CARL DILLINGER THE FAMOUS PRODUCER!
EH?
ME? A FILM STAR?. D'YA REALLY THINK SO?
SURE, HONEY... MY ASSISTANT HERE WILL HAVE YOU FITTED OUT WITH FANCY KLOTHES AND PERFUME!
A LITTLE LATER...
YOU LOOK STUNNING, WILHEMINA... ALL YOU NEED NOW IS SOME STRONG FRENCH PERFUME!
HEY! YOU DON'T COME NEAR ME WITH NONE OF THAT FANCY STUFF!
BUT IT'S TOO LATE...
GOTCHA!
SWOON!
UGH!
SO...
I'LL TAKE WILHEMINA BACK INTO THE WOODS WHERE SHE BELONGS!
TO THE WOODS
WELL DONE, KATE! YOUR PLAN WAS A KNOCKOUT! HAW! HAW!
HA! HA! HA!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Keep kackling with Kops and the Krooks every week in TV Komik !

BASIL BRUSH

LOVELY WEATHER TO BE AT THE SEASIDE, GUV...

TOO TRUE, CHUMMERS ... IT'S JOLLY FINE...

... TROUBLE IS WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON CASH!

SUPPOSE WE COULD ALWAYS SELL OUR BOAT!

OUR BOAT!...THAT'S IT! YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA, CHUMMERS...

SO...

TRIPS ROUND THE LIGHT-SHIP 2/-

NO NEED TO SELL THE BOAT CHUMMERS, WE'LL USE IT TO EARN US SOME MONEY!

GOOD THINKING, GUV!

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! TRIPS ROUND THE LIGHT-SHIP ONLY TWO SHILLINGS!

CHINK CHINK

WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE AT THIS GAME!

THE TRIP BEGINS...

ALL ABOARD AND OFF WE GO FOR AN EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME OUT ON THE ROLLING SEAS!

TWO MINUTES LATER...

HEY! THAT WAS A SHORT TRIP FOR TWO BOB!

MY SIGN READS... TRIPS ROUND THE LIGHT-SHIP TWO SHILLINGS. CAN I HELP IT IF THE SHIP IS ONLY A FEW YARDS OUT TO SEA? HEH! HEH!

WHAT A SWIZZ!

BUT THE LIGHT-SHIP'S ANCHOR-ROPE SNAPS...

AND PRETTY SOON THE SHIP DRIFTS OUT...

HUH?

GREAT SHIFTING SHIPS...! THE LIGHT-SHIP IS DRIFTING FURTHER OUT TO SEA... IT'LL SOON BE TOO FAR FOR US TO ROW, CHUMMERS!

SO BASIL HIRES A MOTOR LAUNCH...

THIS IS BETTER VALUE FOR TWO BOB...A SPEEDY LAUNCH TRIP SHOULD BE GREAT FUN!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER... THE LAUNCH RETURNS...

THAT WAS SUPER!

DEAR ME... THE LIGHT-SHIP'S DRIFTING FURTHER AND FURTHER OUT TO SEA!

LATER...

THE LIGHT-SHIP IS SO FAR OUT NOW THAT I'VE HAD TO HIRE AN EVEN BIGGER CRAFT... THIS MEANS PUTTING UP OUR PRICES...

TRIPS ROUND THE LIGHT-SHIP 3/ 4/-

QUITE RIGHT, GUV.

BUT...

I SAY, YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR PRICES UP... I'M FROM THE MINISTRY AND MY JOB IS TO SEE PEOPLE KEEP PRICES DOWN...

OH, DEAR!

SO...

WE'RE GETTING MORE AND MORE VALUE EVERY TIME... TWO BOB FOR A LONG TUG-TRIP IS A BARGAIN!

BAH! WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE MAKE A MEAN PROFIT THIS VOYAGE, CHUMMERS!

THE TUG HITS HIGH SEAS...

THE SEAS ARE TOO ROUGH FOR MY TUG...WE'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK!

WE WANT OUR TWO BOB'S WORTH... YOUR SIGN SAYS A TRIP AROUND THE LIGHT SHIP YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET A BIGGER BOAT!

SO...

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT A BRUSH DOESN'T HONOUR HIS WORD!

IT'LL TAKE ABOUT A WEEK TO REACH THE LIGHT-SHIP NOW... I MUST SAY A SEVEN DAY CRUISE FOR TWO BOB IS VERY REASONABLE! HE! HE! HE!

Join Basil Brush and Butler on the beach next week!

ARTHUR

and his Square Knights of the Round Table

THE QUEEN IS GETTING READY FOR BED...

I'LL SOON HAVE ALL MY CURLERS IN PLACE!

FACE PACK

MINUTES LATER...

NOW FOR MY FACE PACK!

I'M JUST GOING DOWN TO THE KITCHEN FOR A GLASS OF WATER BEFORE I TURN IN!

ALL RIGHT, DEAR!

ARTHUR HAS TO PASS THE DUNGEONS...

THIS PART OF THE C-CASTLE IS C-CREEPY AT NIGHT... THEY SAY IT'S HAUNTED!

AARGH

A G-GHOST! I'M OFF!

PHEW! WHAT A FRIGHT... I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO THE SAFETY OF MY ROOM!

IT'S ME, DEAR... LET ME IN!

ROYAL BEDROOM KNOCK KNOCK

ARG!

HELP!

WONDER WHAT'S UP WITH ARTHUR?

SO...

I'D RATHER SLEEP DOWN HERE... IT'S LESS FRIGHTENING!

HE! HE! HE!

Monster mirth next week when Arthur tangles with a giant creature!

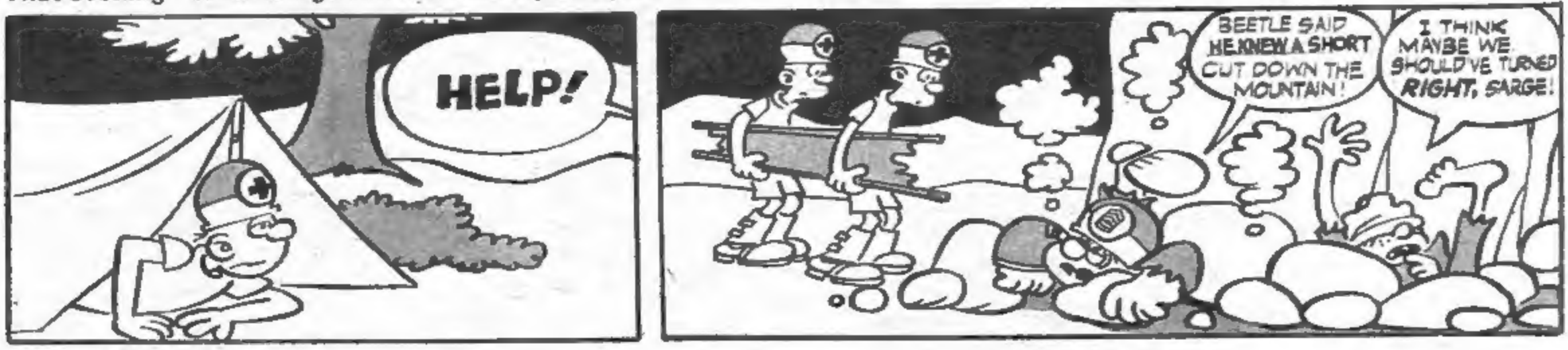
Air Programs International

BEETLE BAILEY

After the cliff ordeal Sarge retired to his hut. . .

IT GETS ME HOW THE MEN TAKE MY STUFF WITHOUT ASKING!
SOMEONE'S PINCHED MY TV PROGRAMME...
I KNEW IT! HERE'S MY TV PROGRAMME BOOK ON BEETLE'S SHELF!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

That evening I drove Sarge out to a country camp. . .



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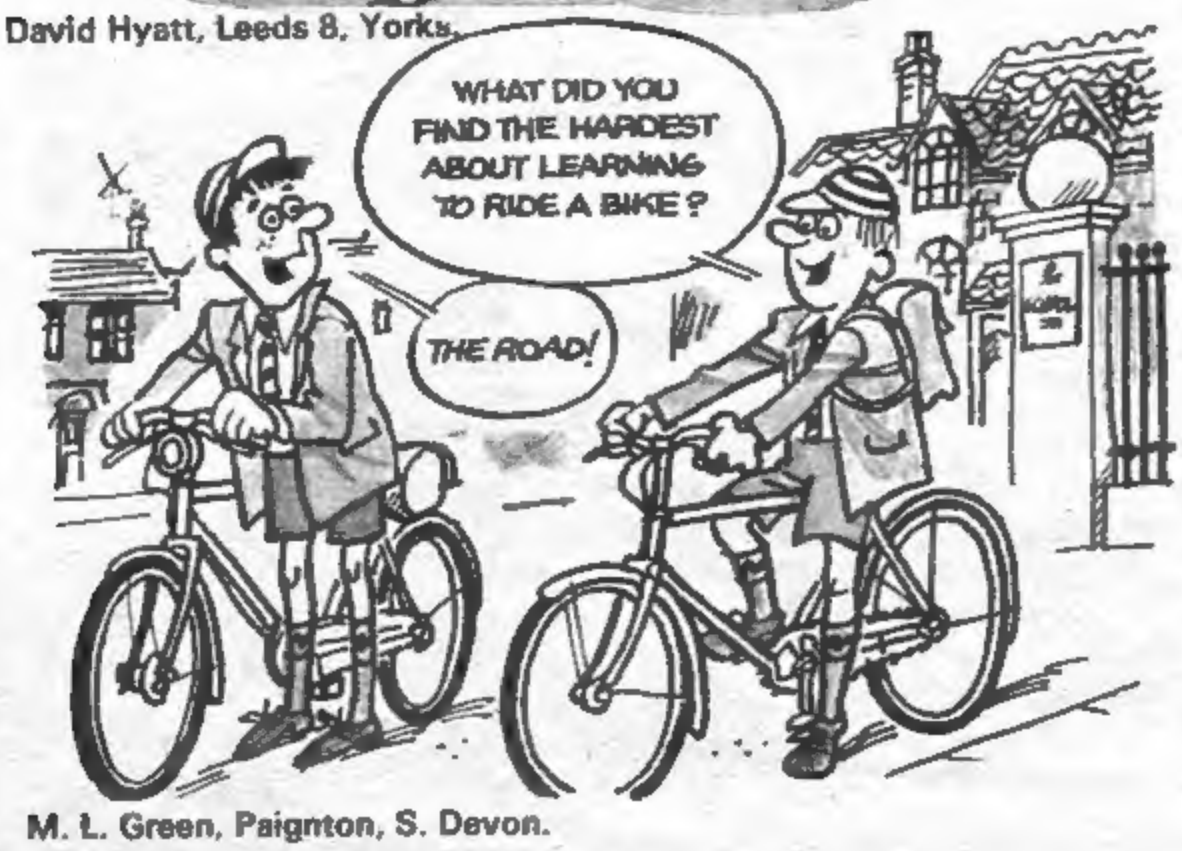
Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

David Hyatt, Leeds 8, Yorks.

Trevor Wright, Bradford 4, Yorks.



M. L. Green, Paignton, S. Devon.

J. R. Smith, Nr. Preston, Lancs.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...

DEEP DUEL

OKAY, TRY IT AGAIN, CAT!

ONLY MAKE SURE YOU DON'T CATCH SOMEBODY WITH THE HOOK LIKE YOU DID LAST TIME!

R-R-RIP!

GREAT HAIRY TOADEY FROGS! – WHO'S A-PULLING MY PANTS OFF WITH A FISHING LINE?

SAY! **YOU SEE THIS?** WELL THIS HERE IS A PIECE OF MY PANTS YOU TORE OFF – SO NOW I'M A GONNA **BLAST YOUR FUR OFF!**

JUST A MINUTE! WHAT KIND OF A RUFFIAN ARE YOU?... THIS SORT OF THING MUST BE SETTLED PROPERLY!

WE DO NOT FIGHT LIKE SAVAGES – WE FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN! GIVE HIM ONE OF YOUR GUNS AND WE'LL HAVE A **DUEL!**

A DUEL? HEY! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON? YOU KNOW I'M A TERRIBLE SHOT... HE'LL CLOBBER ME!

AND SO I WILL! AND SERVES YOU RIGHT!

OKAY, THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE CONTEST MORE EVEN. I'VE GOT IT! BOTH OF YOU GET IN THE RIVER – THE WATER WILL SPOIL BOTH YOUR AIMS!

SO...

OKAY – WHEN I SAY GO! ***FIRE!***

THIS IS THE DANGEST, FOOLEST THING I EVER HEARD OF!

GO!

SHBLASHT!

SBLOOMPH

KEEP IT UP IN THERE, YOU'RE DOING FINE!

LATER...

SUFFERIN' SUCCOTASH! I GIVE UP... I'M EXHAUSTED!

ME TOO! AND WHUT'S MORE I'M A SOAKING WET!

FISH??? WHERE ARE THEY?

I ATE THEM OF COURSE... AND VERY TASTY THEY WERE TOO!

OH, ARE YOU BOYS FINISHED? PITY! YOU WERE BLASTING A LOT OF FISH OUT OF THE WATER...

RM.

YOU **ATE** THEM?

NOW, NOW, GENTLEMEN! BEFORE YOU TRY ANYTHING HASTY... LET ME REMIND YOU...

YOUR GUNS ARE WET AND WON'T WORK... HERE, ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE! OKAY! ***FIRE!***

BLAST

SOME DAYS I'M JUST TOO SMART FOR MY OWN GOOD-HOO, BOY, ARE MY EARS ***RINGING!***

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Join Bugs and his pals again next week!

PLAY 'PRIZE-WORDS'

CRUSHA'S EXCITING COMPETITION

Play Prize-Words and win! It's easy, it's interesting and it's fun.

You can enter as many times as you like. Just make sure that with each entry form, you also enclose the cap-liner from any Crusha milk-shake flavour, strawberry, raspberry pineapple or chocanilla. Crusha's made with real fruit juice. It's the perfect flavour for all your favourite milk-shakes. And for all these Crusha treats—fruity ice cream, ice lollies and milk lollies. Puddings and junkets. Fondants and fizzers. And our special party punch. Write to us for recipe leaflet.

Further entry forms available on bottle collars on all flavours. Or write to: Crusha Prize-Words Competition, Dept. No. 387B, 177 Hook Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

HOW TO ENTER

C	R	O
A	L	H
M	S	I
E	N	T

Here are four Prize-Words bricks, each showing three different letters. All you have to do is to make as many four-letter words as you can, using only one letter from each brick per word. The bricks may be used in any order. No plural words or proper names will be accepted. To start you off, here is an example—"HOME".

List your words on a piece of paper, and make sure you write your name at the top. Then attach your list to your completed entry form.

OVER A THOUSAND PRIZES!

20 FIRST PRIZES: 20 wonderful Raleigh Bicycles or £15 in cash.

40 SECOND PRIZES: 40 Kodak '233' Instamatic Cameras.

80 THIRD PRIZES: 80 Timex Children's Watches.

1,000 RUNNER-UP PRIZES: 1,000 Matchbox Sets, each containing 3 models.

Prizes are equally divided between: Boys 5-9 years. Boys 10-14 years. Girls 5-9 years. Girls 10-14 years.

RULES

1. Competition open to all children between 5 and 14 years resident in UK.
2. No competitor may win more than one prize. Judges' decision final and legally binding. Correspondence not allowed.
3. All winners notified by post. Full rules on application to competition address.

PRIZE-WORDS ENTRY FORM

TC21886

Fill in this entry form (in ink or ball-point pen). And send it with your list of words, and Crusha cap-liner to:
Crusha Prize-words Competition, Dept. No. 387, 177 Hook Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

My total number of words on the attached sheet is ☐

Complete this sentence: 'When I grow up I should like to be .....

And give your reason in under 10 words in an interesting way .....

.....

Name .....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

Address .....

Age: 5-9 years ☐ 10-14 years ☐ *Sex:* .....

Competition closes 30th Sept. 1969

Larry Harmon's LAUREL & HARDY

© 1969 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

SO... WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED MY SHIRT, STAN, YOU'D BETTER CATCH SOME FISH FOR TEA!
BAH! SAME OLD ROUTINE, EVEN ON A DESERT ISLAND!
SCRUB
RUB

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Doctor WHO

HIDEOUS dwarfs are holding Kurt Wurlitzer's son to ransom. Wurlitzer, one of the Universe's wealthiest men, appoints Dr. Who to lead a small team of 'specialists' on an attempt to rescue his heir from the *Planet of the Dwarfs!*

PLANET OF THE DWARFS DEAD AHEAD...NO RADAR SCANNERS OR TRACKING DEVICES WILL BE ABLE TO PICK UP OUR CRAFT'S APPROACH...THE SKIN OF THE VEHICLE IS DESIGNED TO ABSORB RADIO WAVES!

PROFESSOR FRANKEL BRINGS THE SHIP INTO LAND MILES FROM THE DWARF ENCAMPMENT...
IT'S FIFTY MILES THROUGH DENSE JUNGLE TO OUR OBJECTIVE... BUT IF I'D LANDED ANY CLOSER WE WOULD'VE TAKEN THE CHANCE OF BEING SPOTTED!
YOU'VE HANDLED YOUR PART OF THE MISSION MAGNIFICENTLY, PROFESSOR... WAIT HERE FOR OUR RETURN!

SOME HOURS LATER A LOUD BELLOW THUNDERS THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH AND FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TRIO EXPERIENCE THE COLD CHILL OF FEAR...
RAWGH!
HOLD IT, GENTS... THAT ROAR HERALDS BIG TROUBLE!

© BBC tv 1969

WELLAR'S BULLET FINDS IT'S MARK...THE GIGANTIC BEAST REELS... AND FINALLY CRASHES DOWN WITH A BONE-JARRING THUD...

THUD

THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!

THERE IS NO TIME TO DISCUSS THE SPINE-CHILLING ENCOUNTER... THE TRIO MUST PRESS ON...

HE WON'T TROUBLE US ANYMORE, LET'S GET GOING!

WELLAR MUST HAVE NERVES MADE OF STEEL... IF ANY MAN CAN GET US THROUGH THIS JUNGLE, HE WILL!

TWO NIGHTS LATER...THE OBJECTIVE IS IN SIGHT...

LOOKS LIKE THE DWARFS HAVE MOVED JASON UNDERGROUND. PROBABLY TO A MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL!

HIK AND THE DOCTOR TAKE CARE OF THE GUARDS...

THIS PASSAGE SHOULD LEAD US TO THE CELLS!

THE TRIO SOON REACH AN INCREDIBLE DOOR...

AH!

UH!

I'D GUESS THIS IS THE OUTER DOOR TO THE JAIL-CHAMBER... THAT COMBINATION LOCK WILL TEST YOU TO YOUR LIMIT, FINGERS!

I DON'T NEED YOU TO TELL ME THAT, GUV!

O'FLANNEGAN BRINGS ALL HIS CRIMINAL TALENTS TO BEAR ON THE TASK... BUT HE HAS AN AUDIENCE WHICH WILL NOT APPRECIATE HIS EFFORTS... THE DWARFS...

Don't miss next week's episode when the mighty trio are captured!

POPEYE

WHY DO YOU KEEP THAT ANCHOR?... YOU HAVEN'T GOT A BOAT ANYMORE AND IT'S CLUTTERIN' THE PLACE UP!

ANCHORS ARE VERY USEFUL THINGS!

FER INSTANCE THEY MAKES GREAT BACK-SCRATCHERS! ARF! ARF!

SCRATCH SCRATCH

HE! HE!

LATER...

THAT WAS A DELICIOUS MEAL, OLIVE!

GLAD YOU LIKED IT!

ME ANCHOR ALSO MAKES A SUPER TOOTH-PICK, OLIVE!

HE! HE! HE!

BRING MY WASHING IN FROM THE GARDEN, POPEYE... IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN!

OKAY, OLIVE!

SO...

I'LL USE ME ANCHOR AGAIN... THIS TIME T' HAUL THE WASHIN' IN! ARF! ARF!

A PERFECT SHOT!

... NOW TO HAUL IT IN!

I'LL SEE HOW POPEYE IS GETTING ON IN THE GARDEN!

AAAARGH! MY WASHING! POPEYE'S DRAGGIN IT THROUGH THE MUD!

CLUNK

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT ABOUT ANCHORS... THEY DO COME IN HANDY! TAKE THAT!

OW! STEADY ON, OLIVE!

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Plenty of power-packed puns and fistic fun with Popeye next week!

TV PANTS

7d

SCAN

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TOM and JERRY

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